

CHRISTMAS CHEER

Fred Lacey







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CHRISTMAS
CARDS

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HEERFUL looks and words are
very
Sure to make the Christmas
merry,
Tongues that speak the truth
sincere,

Hearts that hold each other dear,
These will make a happy year.

Rossiter W. Raymond.

For Christmas comes but once a year,
A then shall they be merry:

* * * * *

Though others' purses be more fat,
Why should we pine or grieve at that?
Hang sorrow! care will kill a cat,
And therefore lets be merry.

George Wither.

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
"God is not dead; nor doth He sleep!

The wrong shall fail,

The right prevail,

With peace on earth, good-will to men."

Longfellow.





ING a song of Christmas!
Thanks to God on high
For the tender hearts abound-
ing
With his charity. *Anon.*

At Christmas tide the open hand
Scatters its bounty o'er sea and land,
And none are left to grieve alone
For love is heaven and claims its own.

A happy, happy Christmas,
And a happy, happy year!
Oh, we have not deserved it,
And yet we need not fear.
For Jesus has deserved it,
And so for Jesus' sake,
This cup of joy and blessing
With grateful hand we take. *Havergal.*





UT I am sure I have always thought of Christmas-time, when it has come around—apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that—as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time.

Dickens.

Brightest and best of the suns of the morning,

Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid!

Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Heber.

So now is come our joyfullest feast

Let every man be jolly;

Each room with ivy leaves is drest,

And every post with holly.

George Wither.





LOW, bugles of battle, the
marches of peace
East, west, north and south let
the long quarrel cease;
Sing the song of great joy that
the angels began,
Sing glory to God and good will
to man!
Whittier.

Hang up the baby's stocking,
Be sure you don't forget,
The dear little dimpled darling!
She never saw Christmas yet;
But I've told her all about it,
And she opened her big blue eyes,
And I'm sure she understands it,
She looked so funny and wise.

Anon.

At Christmas I no more desire a rose,
Than wish a snow in May's newfangled
mirth.
Shakespeare.





MOST illustrious of the days of
time!

Day full of joy and benison to
earth

When Thou wast born sweet
Babe of Bethlehem!

With dazzling pomp descending
angels sung.

Good will and peace to men, to God due
praise,

Who on the errand of salvation sent

Thee, Son Beloved! of plural unity

Essential part, made flesh that mad'st all
worlds.

Abraham Coles.

The time draws near the birth of Christ:

The moon is hid; the night is still;

The Christmas bells from hill to hill

Answer each other in the mist.

Tennyson.

I wish you a merry Christmas,

'Tis good to be merry you know,

I wish you a welcome reception

Wherever to visit you go.

Old Carol.



AROL, carol, Christians,
Carol joyfully;
Carol for the coming
Of Christ's nativity.
And pray a gladsome Christ-

mas

For all good Christian men;
Carol, carol, Christians,
For Christmas come again.
Carol, carol.

Bishop Cox.

Some say that ever 'gainst that season
comes

Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawnning sings all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit dare stir
abroad,

The nights are wholesome, then no planets
strike.

No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to
charm,

So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Shakespeare.



O trumpet blast profaned
The hour in which the Prince
of Peace was born;
No bloody streamlet stained
Earth's silent eyes on that
sacred morn. *Bryant.*

O holy child of Bethlehem !
Descend to us we pray ;
Cast out our sin and enter in,
Be born in us today.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell,
O come to us, abide with us
Our Lord Emmanuel !

Phillips Brooks.

'Tis merry neath the mistletoe,
When holly berries glisten bright ;
When Christmas fires gleam and glow,
When wintry winds so wildly blow.

J. Ashby Sterry.





NEIGHBORS shaking hands
and greeting,
No one sorrowing, no one sad,
Children, loving parents meet-
ing;
Young and old alike are glad.

The wondrous love and light,
The fullness and the glory,
The meaning and the might,
Of all the Christmas story,
May Christ Himself unfold to you today,
And bid you go rejoicing on your way.

Havergal.

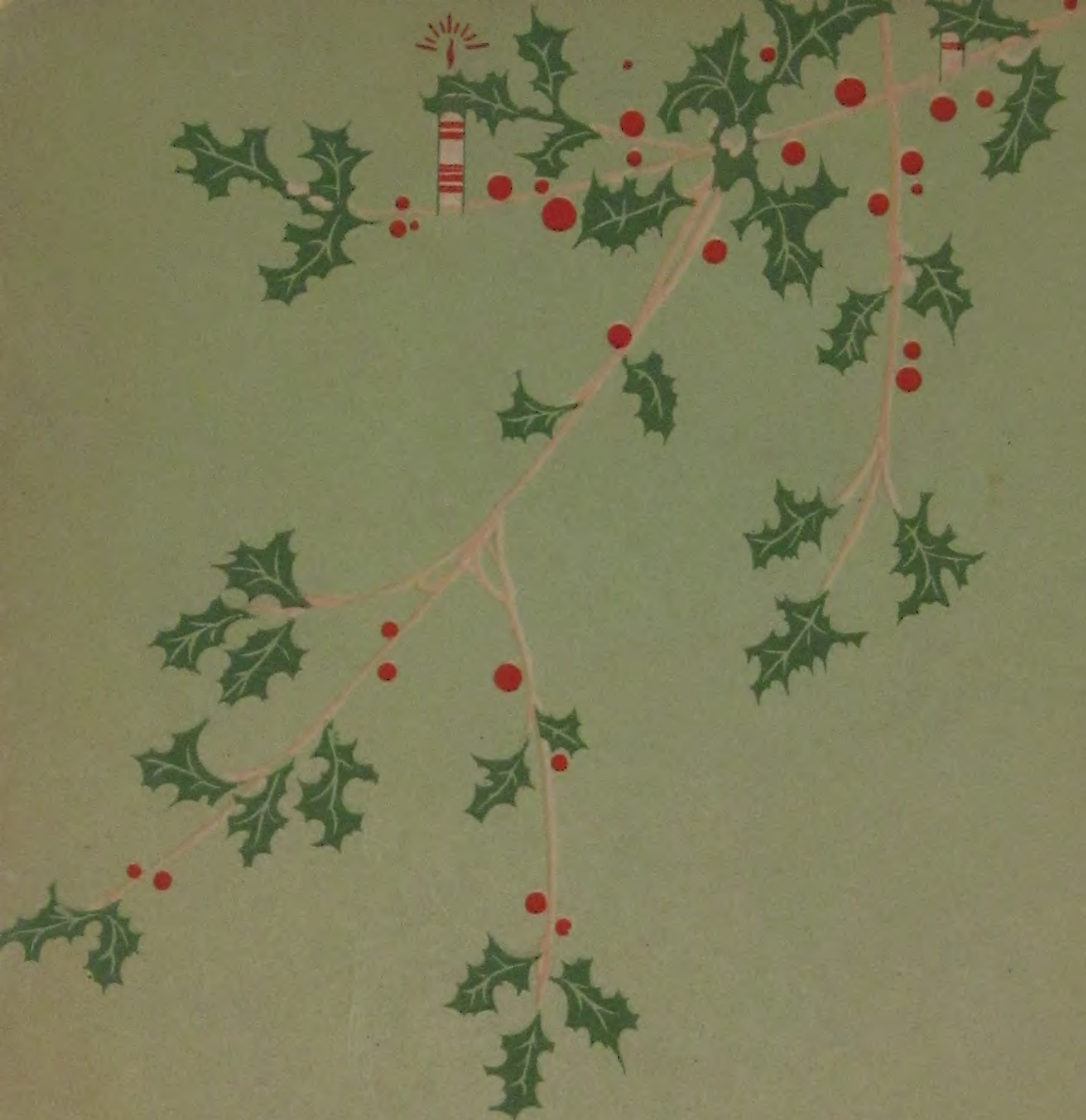
Amid the echoes of that song which
proclaimed peace on earth and good-will
to men, rises up a dormant sense of uni-
versal brotherhood in the heart. At no
other season in the year is the predom-
inant spirit of selfishness so effectually
rebuked—and never are the circles of love
so large widened.

Hervey.









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